

Meeting you in afterlife

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Meeting you in afterlife

"Hiccup, no," I shouted over the raging waters. "You can't make such decisions for me. I refuse to let you die for my sake!" I struggled, hoping to break out of Hiccup's hold. Hiccup stood before me, his hands stretched before me protectively as a small smile graced his lips. He whispered, "When I die, leave my body here. I can't go with you." The next moment, a shot rang. Hiccup staggered back before collapsing on me. "Hiccup!" I screamed as I held him back for a moment to assess his damage. A bullet had been imbedded in his stomach. As I looked, a dark red stain was growing, making his clothes stick to his body.

"There's still one alive!" a voice shouted. I turned my tear stained face to look at the incoming barrage of pirates. If I didn't leave now, Hiccup's death would be in vain. "I'm sorry Hiccup," I whispered before running towards the ship's door. Another shot rang and I cried out in pain as a bullet went in my calf. With difficulty I staggered to the door. My hands scrambled to grab hold of the door knob before pressing onto the familiar imprint that appeared as I touched the door knob. The door slowly started glowing brightly. I yanked the door open and jumped in. A blinding light enveloped me. Just then my head hit the ship's wall. The knock blurred my vision. My eyes rolled back and I slowly sank into unconsciousness.

"Hiccup, I love you"

A beeping noise rang across the room. I scrunched my nose in annoyance, hoping that a while later the beeping would stop. A few beeps later, the sound stopped. My forehead smoothed out, silence at last. Just then, the beeping sound rang again. This time frustrated, I sat up and looked around for the source of the noise. I looked around in wonder. Paintings and pictures framing every inch of the wall, was I really at home? It can't be. If I was at home, it would mean that

Hiccup was- A trickle of dread started pooling in my gut.

It would mean that Hiccup was dead.

My eyes closed as a single lone tear slid down my face. Hiccup was dead. In fact, he was the past. The time machine had brought me to 1820, but the year now was 2013. I would never be able to see him or hold him again. And he would never know that I truly loved him. Hiccup was gone. I gasped loudly as I felt something ripping inside of me. I looked down but there were no signs of any tear on my body. I was breaking down emotionally. I had finally realized that Hiccup was truly gone. My mind couldn't process it. My heart could not take it. I placed a hand above my heart as I felt it ache. So that was how a heart ache felt like. I curled up into a ball as tears streamed down my face in torrents. I miss you Hiccup.

One year later

Curious eyes followed me as I shuffled down the aisle. My face was pale and gaunt, signs of late night sleeping etched all over my face. Nothing much has changed since the day I came back from the past. Hiccup was still—dead. And I was still alive. It felt wrong, how could I be appreciating life while he was dead? Slowly, I placed my bag on the overhead compartment before sitting down. I had bought the seat nearest to the window. With one hand placed under my chin, I stared out of the window silently. Just then I heard the overhead compartment open once more. "I'm terribly sorry I'm late," I heard a voice pant. Just then, the seat beside me bent under a person's weight. I turned to face the passenger beside me and stared.

The brunette male beside me had clear green eyes and freckles that dotted every inch of his face. His cheeks were flushed red and his mouth parted open as he slowly caught his breath. After a while, he realized that I was staring at him and looked at me curiously. "Do I know you?" he questioned as he arched his eyebrows.

Warmth enveloped me as a memory flooded my mind.

"_Do I know you?" Hiccup asked warily, as he arched his eyebrows. "No," I replied hurriedly, "But I need your help. I know this sounds crazy but I'm stuck in the past. I need you to teach me how to return." Hiccup assessed me slowly, before a wide grin spread across his face. "Come on board then!" he exclaimed, a hand stretched out towards me. I smiled in relief and took his hand gratefully. A spark of electricity coursed through my hand. I let go of his hand in a rush and brought my hand to my hand, cradling it. He did the same to his hand and glanced at me curiously. "What's your name?" I blurted out. "Well, if you must know it's Hiccup," He said slowly, looking at my face as he waited for my reaction. "I know the name's stupid, don't judge me!" he continued in a rush as I burst out laughing._

"Hello," a voice said as a hand waved before my face. I turned to look at the brunette before me. "Do I know you?" he repeated his eyebrows knotted in confusion. I asked slowly, my heart thumping fast, "What's your name?" He continued to stare at me with curious eyes. "Well," he began reluctantly, "if you must know, it's Hiccup." He misunderstood my look of incredulous as a look of disgust and continued in a rush, "I know the name's stupid. Don't judge me!" A breathtaking smile spread over my face as I glanced at him. "My

name's Jack," I heard myself say. He grinned back and replied, "Pleased to be your acquaintance." He stretched out his hand. Hesitantly, I grasped it. A spark of electricity coursed through my hand. He let go of my hand and stared at me in wonder. "What just happened," he asked confused. I smiled and replied softly, "Nothing much Hiccup, nothing much. Life works in such strange ways."

With that, I sat back onto my chair with my eyes closed and a small smile on my lips.

For the first time in my life since the ordeal, I was happy.

End
file.